

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1918

## Eight Months at the Front With the American Army

THE ALL-AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE.

*It's An Accomplished and a Glorious Fact, and the Part the United States Soldier Is Playing in the World's Greatest War Will Fill a Luminous Page in History—The American Army, "the Miracle of the War," Is Offered by Americans of Surprising Military Genius, the Whole, Rank and File, Possessing War Knowledge of a Superior Kind, Based on American Adaptability and Intelligence.*

By Martin Green

(Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

D EPT. 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). ESPATCHEES from Lieut. Col. Repington, The World's British military correspondent, who was with Gen. Pershing in the American advance on the St. Mihiel salient, show that the censorship in France has released matter of news value which has long been known to American correspondents but held as confidential information from the Commander in Chief. It has been Gen. Pershing's plan to summon the correspondents to general headquarters at times and, as he expressed it, "lay the cards on the table."

With astonishing frankness—but in characteristically American fashion—he has taken the correspondents into his inner confidence. He has told them of his difficulties, his problems, his plans, not for publication but for their guidance in writing news of the war. In no other army has a similar course been pursued. In freedom of action, in knowledge of the meaning of events, in the value of intimate touch with individuals of the army from the highest in command to the greenest private, American war correspondents have advantages enjoyed by no other journalists in Europe. To their credit it can be said that in only two instances have violations of their word of honor been recorded, and both these instances were technical violations, arising from indignation over censorship rules. The confidence of Gen. Pershing and his officers has never been betrayed.

Col. Repington has opened the way for an article touching to some extent on the inside of the war as it applies to the American forces and to Gen. Pershing. An American Army under command of the American Commander in Chief has made good and it is a matter for American satisfaction that such is the case because there has not always existed among military leaders of our allies the belief that there should be an American Army on French soil operating independently under American command. Naturally the chiefs of the British and French Armies, after four years of participation in the greatest war in history, against the most powerful military machine ever created, were sceptical about the efficiency of an army and a command from a nation which had maintained for many years only an insignificant army establishment. Our advance military force went into France untried and under suspicion. There were in the high commands of the French and British Armies a few officers who had visited West Point and knew the thoroughness of the education we give our officers. They were a minority.

In practice the General Staff—the planning and executive force—is the keystone of the military structure. Without able high command an army, composed though it may be of the bravest individuals, is an impotent institution. Mainly speaking, the British and French military authorities did not think a year ago that we had the high command.

Into this atmosphere of distrust went Gen. Pershing with a few soldiers. He had come from a winning start 4,000 miles away. He was in an impoverished and nerve-torn country. He was confronted with the task of not only building up an army but building up the machinery to hold that army to the limit of its fighting function, and I violate no military confidence when I say that it was one of the most formidable tasks that ever confronted a soldier.

Gen. Pershing, however, was more than a soldier in this crisis. He had his military problems to consider, and in addition there were crowded upon him diplomatic problems which were up to him and nobody else. He was, in a sense, a military-ambassadorial commander, and he accepted the responsibility.

The winter of 1917-18 was a dark and gloomy period in France. The only ray of light in the outlook was the slow but continual rolling up of American aid. Clemenceau stood like a rock in his belief in the indomitable spirit of the French people and the French Armies. The problem was how to use the Americans.

God knows we were not making much of a showing outside of our ability to contribute money. As a military force we were nil. The French officers detailed to our units in liaison reported that we had the foundation of a great fighting force, but that we were lacking in the essential elements of command.

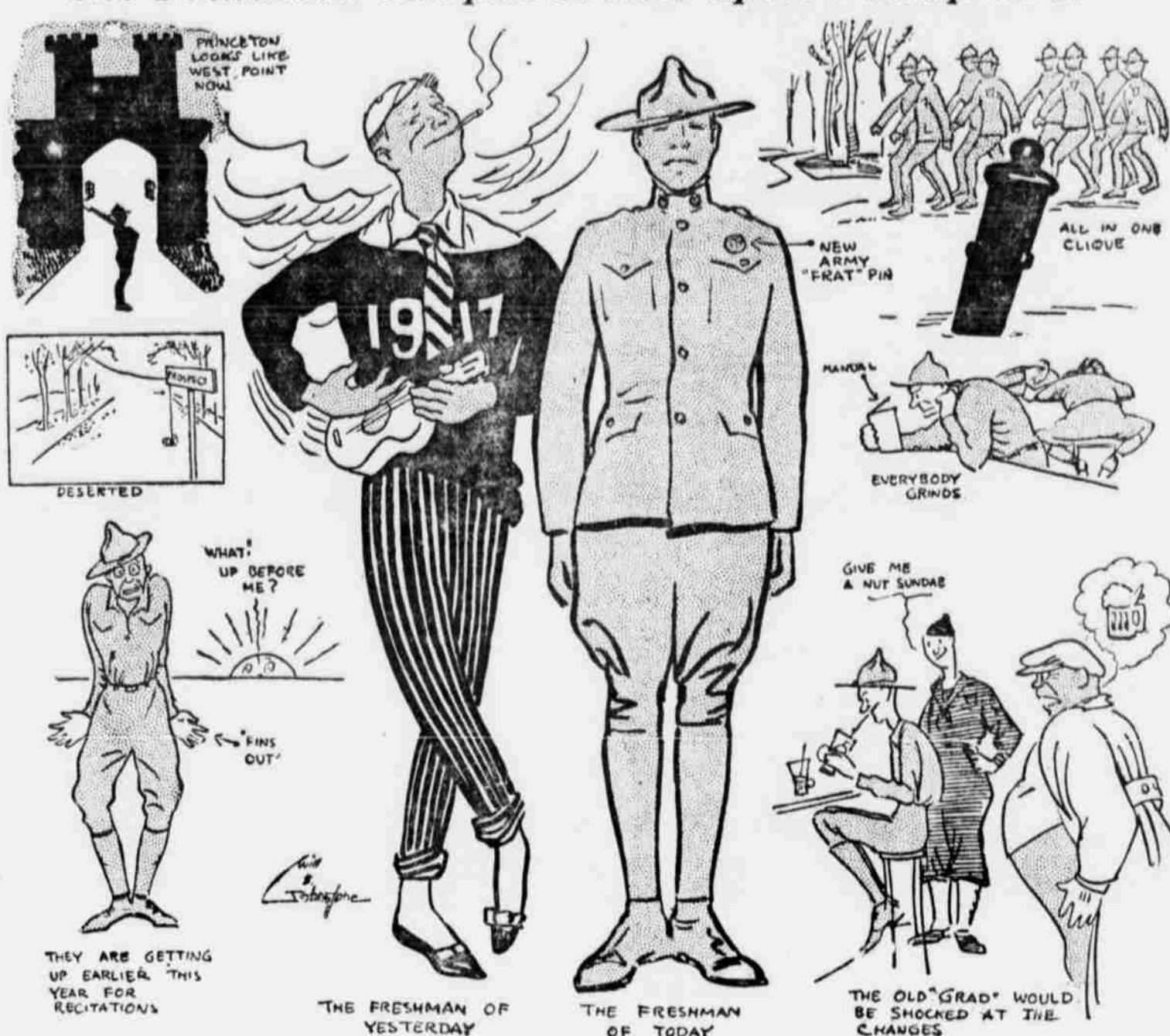
The British Army wanted to take charge of our forces and mix our units with British units—or else allow us to keep our units intact but under British staff command. The French Army wanted us to fight with the French under French command; this was in the days before there was unity of action under Foch—a condition which Gen. Pershing, as history will show, played no small part in bringing about.

During the long, cold, dispiriting days and nights, Gen. Pershing maintained one position. That was that



MARTIN GREEN

## "Camp Tigertown." The Princeton Campus Is Now Spelt "Camp U. S."



## Red Cross News of the Week

Red Cross Linen Shower Begins This Week for Hospitals in France—Clothing Is Being Collected for Needy Girls in Belgium and Northern France—Workrooms Busy on New "Influenza Masks"—Letter From Front Tells How Doughboys Appreciate Red Cross Canteens.

By Hazel V. Carter

THE Red Cross Linen Shower begins this week, and every patriotic housewife is looking over her neatly stacked piles of linen to see what set she will give to the Red Cross, which must collect 5,000,000 articles of household linen for use in the hospitals of France.

It doesn't need to be your finest set or your newest set, but it must be a strong set and a set that is not worn. The articles needed are bath towels, hand towels, handkerchiefs (men's), napkins and sheets; if possible, the Red Cross needs New York will be the New York County Chapter, 325 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn contributors will send to the French building, 406 Fulton Street, where Mrs. F. W. Loeff will be in charge.

If you haven't a spare set, send some spare articles. These articles are not available for purchase in such large quantities as the Red Cross needs them, so this time Uncle Sam must depend on the thrift of the American housewife, who will draw on her reserve supply.

FIFTY huge packages of clothing, all collected by students of Hunter High School, were turned over to the New York Chapter of the American Red Cross yesterday to be sent to girls in Belgium or Northern France with a message of sympathy and friendship from the pupils of the school.

They have asked the Red Cross to do everything possible to see that school children get the clothes. Miss Perkins, one of the teachers, is in charge of the drive in the school.

This contribution marked the opening of the campaign in the schools. During the afternoon special trucks were sent to many of the schools for apparel. It was estimated that 2,000 to 3,000 pounds would be received in this way.

Many high schools have organized committees to push the campaign among their pupils. Large boxes have been placed in the corridors of schools and signs have been posted asking students to deposit bundles of clothing on their way to classrooms.

Because one of the greatest needs is for children's clothing, the New York Chapter is paying special attention to the schools here. Pamphlets have been distributed in every Manhattan and Bronx school.

INFLUENZA masks is the newest work of Red Cross workrooms throughout Greater New York. Surgical dressing departments are

filling a large allotment of masks as to be used in the present influenza epidemic in the training camps and in the hospitals.

Over at the Academy Workroom in Brooklyn one woman completed over a hundred masks during the day. "I feel it's just as important that we work to answer the needs of our men over here as over there," she said.

"SAY, boss, you must live on peaches!"

A newsboy made the remark about a prosperous-looking business man who comes every day and dumps about a gallon or more of peach pits into the red, white and blue barrel.

### Primary Children, P. S. 27, Red Cross Workers



outside The World Building. This man is helping to save American lives—are you?

Do you know any nurses who are not serving in the war? Send their names and addresses to the Atlantic Division of the American Red Cross and help to answer Surgeon General Gorman's call for 25,000 nurses before the end of the year.

"There is a need for able women to take the places of trained nurses already in war service," Dr. E. C. Steyer of the International Health Board, Rockefeller Foundation, said.

Auxiliary, Grace Gospel Church, Hendrix Street Baptist Church, 18th Street M. E. Church and Emanuel Lutheran Church.

There is a tremendous demand for pneumonia jackets for our boys in the camps, and every surgical dressings worker is urged to respond to this call and do her utmost both in the auxiliaries and at the Brooklyn Academy Workroom. This work is for our boys who are within reach of our help here at home.

SURGICAL dressings workers are asked to be more accurate in weighing their pads. Be sure that the closing of the pads is at least 2 1/2 inches from the edge. Many pads are being sent in, closed on the edge, which makes it impossible to tell which is the right side of the pad, when they are picked up hurriedly, as they must be when used in hospitals.

THE Knitting Department distributed in September 2,428 sweaters, 869 helmets, 176 mufflers, 1,238 wristlets, 3,670 pairs of socks, and 1,431 comfort kits.

PICTURE puzzles and checkers (even without the checker boards) are asked for by Mr. Lathrop, Field Director of the 3d Naval District, for the use of the boys in the navy, and may be sent to supply rooms at No. 130 Pierpoint Street.

HERE is an extract from a letter that is being read at many New York auxiliaries. It is from a young officer to his father:

"I have now covered most of France up and down and across, at the front and about as far in the rear as you can get, and I want to say that for being there when the train goes through or the column passes and slipping the man a handout; for having the stuff on the spot and getting it across to the men at 3 in the morning, after loading all night—the American Red Cross is the best."

"They don't ask for your identification card, they slip you the book when it's too dark to see who you are, or for you to see what's in the book. All they ask is if you want another. And for any girl or woman in America who really wants to do something—tell her to come over for canteen work."

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## Princeton Tiger's Claws Now Being Sharpened To "Scratch" the Kaiser

The War for Democracy Has Made the Big University 100% Democratic, With Khaki as the Great Leveler of College Caste, for Now Percy Limousine and Bill Drudge, Enrolled Among the 750 Army and 325 Navy Candidates for Commissions in the Student Army Training Corps, Have Everything in Common.

By Will B. Johnstone

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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY has gone democratic by an overwhelming majority. The war has knocked the Prince out of Princeton. The royal Tiger, sharpening his claws for battle, has changed his regal skin to simple khaki and his stripes are now worn on the arm or shoulder.

President Wilson wouldn't know the old place. The social caste he condemned there in his Prexy days is no more. Alma mater has discarded her social register for registration cards and serial numbers.

The scenes that marked the official opening of the university this year are the strangest in its history, rich as it is in treasured tradition, for Government control has taken not only the railroad station but the campus and buildings. Three camps are located here, and oddly, Woodrow Wilson seems to be President of Princeton again, as he will hand out the diplomas in the form of commissions.

Princeton has enrolled as students 750 army and 325 navy candidates for commissions in the Student Army Training Corps. The army branch is under the charge of Lieut. Col. J. A. Pearson, whose headquarters is located in Classic Clio Hall, the navy boys being in the care of Rear Admiral C. F. Goodrich, U. S. N. This S. A. T. C., as it is called, is one camp. The School of Aeronautics, which instructs the fledgling airmen in groundwork, is another camp. The third camp, located at the Graduate College, is called Officer-Material School for the Pay Corps, U. S. N. R. F.

The democratizing influence of these camps is easily noticed. No longer do you see cliques of the pampered rich loitering under the trees in exclusive isolation. Instead you observe Percy Limousine and Harold Runabout shoulder to shoulder with John Ashshifter and Bill Drudge marching across the green to the mess hall in a khaki column to partake of the common army "chow." You will hear Percy and Harold sing with great feeling snatches of "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" when the bugle blows at 5.30 A. M., but they get up just the same, and in the chill, gray dawn they go through the "fins out" and "grind" calisthenics, which gentle torture is necessary in making the world and Princeton safe.

Roginald Fifthave used to have a suite of rooms to hold all of his mandolins, banners, pillows, neckties, boot trees and toggery, but this year Reggie is doubling up in a bare dormitory cell with an ex-grad from the navy who is after an Ensign's gold stripe.

Before the war Reggie's education used to cost a king's ransom (not present figure), while this semester his pater will be surprised to find that Reggie is receiving \$30 a month in pay and will continue to until he gets the degree of Lieutenant U. S. A. after his name.

On Nassau Street you notice that old Upper Pyne and Lower Pyne, the sought-after dormitories of fond days, are unoccupied. Old grads would find on returning that the spots sacred to the memory of dear old college "daze" furnish foam only on ice cream sodas now.

In Prospect Street, where stand the palatial club houses that aroused President Wilson's displeasure, you find a deserted village. This undemocratic magnificence is gathering cobwebs. Canon and Cottage alone are open. These are used to house officers in the service who are commanding the Princeton rookies.

There is a greater change in the students, however. The callow freshman is only fresh up to the moment he dons the civilian outfit, seen in the undergraduate clothing ads, dons his khaki uniform and takes his oath.

Then he becomes a soldier. His pipe aside, childish things and harkens to the bugle instead of the phukele. He is restricted to bounds at night and submits himself to discipline. He doesn't gather around the old canon or sing "Old Nassau" on the steps at night but pores over the manual of arms in his quarters. What close harmony drifts across the campus from the dormitories is "Keep the home fires burning."

The boys in the aeronautic school all wear metal badges on the left breast bearing numbers. It gives them the appearance of village constables or home guards. This decoration is the nearest approach to anything like a fraternity pin Princeton has ever seen. But it is democracy's fraternity pin.

The Pay Corps will graduate 4,500 petty officers from Princeton as pay officers with the rank of Ensign. The overflow at Annapolis made this invasion of Princeton necessary. They will be graduated at the rate of 500 every eight weeks. These boys will be "Princeton men" in short order and at future class reunions after the war there will mingle under the shadow of Old Nassau Hall men from the class of 1918, who will be a little hazy on the traditions, songs and the pons asinorum, but who will be able to balance a pay sheet blindfolded and remember all the words to "Beautiful Katy." The old grads may resent the new order at Princeton. Prexy Hibben has only fifty students in the academic, those physically disqualified from service, and that is all there is left of old Princeton.

All of the others are under Government regulations, police their cigarette butts and get what recreation they can, just like the soldiers elsewhere, at the Y. M. C. A. opened for that purpose in the heart of the campus.

After a hard day's work at intensive studies and more intensive drill at Brokaw and Poe Fields, there is no roystering after taps is sounded at Princeton.

Everything is changed, but the boys can still appropriately retain their old battle story: "We will fight with a vim that is dead sure to win for old Nassau." For that's what they intend to do.

## The Flags of the Allied Nations

By T. L. Sanborn.

No. 6—ENGLAND.

THE British national flag, the Union Jack, one of the world's handsomest banners, is a combination of three crosses—a broad red cross bordered with white, a diagonal white cross on a blue field, and a narrow diagonal red cross. The original English national flag flown victoriously in many a sea fight by those victorious seamen, Drake, Hawkins and Raleigh, was a plain red cross on a white field, the cross being the emblem of St. George, England's patron saint.

When Scotland united with England as one kingdom, the Scotch national flag, the white diagonal cross of St. Andrew on a blue field, was combined with the red St. George's cross to form one standard. Later around joined the union, and the diagonal red cross of St. Patrick on a

white field was blended with the English and Scotch crosses to form the present British national flag. In the United States the Union Jack is frequently displayed upside down. To a casual observer it appears as though there was no top side to the flag, but there is. When it is hoisted right side up at the top of the flag next the staff line, the red diagonal St. Patrick's cross appears in the lower half of the diagonal white St. Andrew's cross, while at the fly end of the flag the St. Patrick's cross appears in the upper half of the St. Andrew's cross.

We all know how when the Teuton hordes poured through Belgium into France in August, 1914, Great Britain rushed to the aid of France, swept the German from the seas with her magnificent navy and threw her army across the channel to reinforce Joffre's gallant poilus. For four years Britain has stood like a rock for liberty and democracy, and today American and British are fighting shoulder to shoulder in defense of civilization.



ENGLAND

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